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CURRENT NEWS

MARITIME MYSTERY
SOLVED

After months of silence, there is finally news of the lost expedition led by Captain Dantes, whose vessel departed Vesper's port four months ago. It is a grim tale to be certain; recounted by a sole survivor who lived to tell it. The survivor in question is a young lad by the name of Jack Lodel, who signed onto the crew to see the world. Later washed ashore; he would be found by the daughter of Marshal Sorrenson, a physician, who would be instrumental in aiding in his physical and mental recovery. Many nights, the young man's cries of terror would awaken the household, and had to be put at ease. According to his caretaker, the recovery would be a rocky one with fragmented memories caused by a particularly traumatic experience. Sorenson stated that he was not sure what had triggered the memories, but it was overwhelming on how suddenly and in such detail they came flooding back. According to Jack, the Captain was searching for the cause of a phenomenon plaguing

maritime travel, which he believed to be some sort of large aquatic creature. If they should encounter such a beast, the Captain came prepared with a hold full of gunpowder kegs which would be ignited and launched from a catapult-like device secured to the main deck. And they did. It first appeared to be a small island sitting out in the ocean, until it came to the realization of the crew that it was moving. They approached the "island" cautiously until they could make out its surface, which appeared to be made of some sort of etched and hardened material. Then the "island's" head rose from the waters, dragon-like in appearance and seemingly unperturbed by the ship's presence. It was not until the beast began to submerge that the captain grew very animated and insistent that his quarry not escape; ordering two crewman to load a gunpowder keg onto the launching mechanism. The keg landed in the water close to the creature's head and exploded. The beast turned about upon the craft as it rose from the water, until it could be seen in its full horrifying form, comparatively dwarfing the vessel. It was some sort of chimera; an massive turtle body with a menacing dragon head which loomed over the craft. It briefly regarded the crewmen scurrying about frantically and gave out a deafening roar, prior to expelling a gout of flame from its throat onto the deck of the

ship. The explosion of two score powderkegs tore through the fore deck and enveloped the cargo hold which held a further half ton of the kegs. The hull was sundered in two and rapidly took water. The young Lodel was fortunate enough to be on the aft deck at the time the incident occurred and although injured in the blast, managed to survive the brunt of the explosion. The rest of the crew were not so lucky. It is uncertain if the creature was killed or injured as well, as the youth soon afterwards lost consciousness due to his injuries. This account set us about on an investigation into the existence of such a creature, which would ultimately take us to the Lyceum. There we would find accounts chronicling the era of the first cataclysm of Sosaria where the dragon turtles dwelled in the sea in great number, prior to the sinking of many continents and upheaval of newer land masses. It would be some irony if the creature itself, was the sole survivor of some great disaster which swept its own kind into oblivion.

TRAVEL

TRAVELOGUE: PRISON OF WRONG

Wrong is an underground prison that the Yew Court utilized years ago during the days when Justice was considered that the accused were

guilty until proven otherwise. A relic of a forgotten era; it was and is still one of the most feared prisons in the land due to the many souls that had died there. Deep within the prison is a torture room, which most can only imagine what horrors had occurred there, or even the purpose to create such a room. Even the kitchen doesn't seem to have been sanitary enough for human purposes, so it is questionable what was served to prisoners in the past. There are also no known records of their crimes or even of who were incarcerated there. They seem to have been lost or crumbled away with the passing of time. The ancient and long abandoned prison complex is located at the western shores of Lost Hope Bay. Humanoids and beasts have taken up residency in the old prison for their own reasons. Is something drawing the brigands and other cruel beings to inhabit the dungeon of Wrong, or is there something hidden there over the years since it was last run as a prison... besides all the lost hopes of its prisoners? We may never know.

PUBLIC MESSAGES

PUBLIC SERVICE
MESSAGE FROM THE
CARETAKERS OF THE

HEALING SPRING

We are the brotherhood
who tend the healing
spring which has become
quite famous worldwide
for its many recent
miracles, where the lame
can now walk and the
blind see, etc, etc.. While
it has been a privilege
and honor to be a part
of this, there has been
an ongoing thing that has
not failed to diminish the
overall experience. And it
is THIS. You people with
your abandoned crutches.
This has got to stop
NOW. If you are too lazy
to take your crutches
back home with you after
you have been gifted with
the power to walk, then
stay home an invalid. One
would think that having a
new founded ambulatory
ability would energize a
person to physically carry
them back home with
them, instead of dumping
them alongside or in the
spring. Brother Simeon
was strolling at night
near the stream,
meditating, and searching
for spiritual portents
when he tripped over one
of these stupid
cripple-sticks. Let me tell
you, Brother Simeon was
damn near inconsolable. He
swore that he was going
to be watching from
cover very closely in the
near future, and he would
re-break the legs of the
very person the moment
they dropped those things.
And he said that he
would use their own
crutches to do it, and I
think he would too.
Brother Martin has been
working very hard on the
landscaping to improve the
whole aesthetic quality of
the area to which he

believes with all his heart
will create a synthesis of
natural beauty and the
estatic experience of not
being disabled anymore,
and you jerks are ruining
for everyone. So, we ask
that in the future that
visitors be considerate to
all those involved... or
Brother Simeon will sort
you out.

Blessings Be Upon Thee.
TCOTHS

THE CHANGELINGS ARE
HERE! ARE YOU
PREPARED?

Your husband, your wife,
your children, and even
grandma might be a
changeling. Especially
grandma! Everyday, more
of us are being replaced,
quietly and progressively.
Have you noticed THEM?
More changelings are
leaving the Twisted Weald
to take over our lives
and property covertly and
they will succeed unless
we act NOW! But are
there any measures we
can take to counter this
menace? Of course, but
we must act quickly and
decisively with a strong
will. The Changeling
Menace will work very
hard to convince you that
they are your loved ones
and friends. The
Changeling will do
everything to placate you.
Do not let them! Instead,
take this approach.
Assume, that you are
dealing with a Changeling;
say for example, "your
spouse." When your
Changeling sweetheart
suggests an evening of
sexual intimacy, you just
tell them "You would like
that, wouldn't you. No

thank you. I have better things to do." That will put them in their place. That provisioner in town seems a little too eager to please, but we know better, don't we? Buy as many items as you can hold and walk up to the counter. When he asks you if there is anything else he can do, tell him "Sure friend, you can put these back on the shelves", and give him a wry smile as you walk out. If we do this enough times, we might break their composure and they will give themselves away or just to send a message that WE KNOW. It will not be easy, but you must do your part if we are to win. Humanity's future is in your hands. Good luck.

This has been a public service message from the resistance! (Not Changelings, we promise...)